PRISON REFORM.

"A Yellor Streak," Says An Old Convict

"ALONG THEIR SPINAL COLUMN"

The Soluon by a "Professional Criminal" of the Prolem Discussed Last Week-Selec-Exclutvely, Some of Whom are Now at Libery-A Life Story.

Eleventh Paper.

(Thewriter of the foilowing was sentenced to life imprisonment in the Ohio Penetentiary for figating a street duel in which the defamer of hislamily was killed. Pardoned after eight years imprisonment, he proposes in the columns of the Globe to tell "a plain, unvarnished tale" of life in a modern penitentiary.

An old-time convict, one who had "done his but in half adozen different State penitentiaries, in commenting op the problem of the superior loyalty of 'professional" prisoner's wife over that of the "accidental" criminal's, got off the following, which, by the way, as editor of the prison paper, we put quietly to sleep in the waste basket, and only now give its substance from memory

"There is a yellow streak, which extends the full length of the spinal col-umn of the wife of an accidental prisoner. This streak is "selfishness. She married her man to be petted, taken care of, and kept in luxury. When her man falls, and he can no longer contribute to her ease and selfishness, she resents it as a terrible grievance, and soon begins to "cool off" towards him. In a little while as she broods over her new troubles of having to hustle a little, she begins to hate the husband who caused her all this trouble. Her kinfolks, acquaintances, and the society in which she moves all encourage her in these feelings. Her man is absent, and the magnetism of his presence to argue, convince, or soothe her are lost, and his enemies as well as his friends get in their work, and he is doomed. She either quietly separates herself from him in spirit and person, or, if she is still young, obtains a divorce, and gets another man, for man she must have as she is incapable of taking care of herself, and too selfish to make any sacrifice for the man she stood up with at the altar, and promised to "love, honor and obey, for better or worse, until death."

As the decent, socalled wife of the "accidental" criminal has a streak of yellow, so the real criminal's wife, or woman, has a streak of "gameness," or unselfishness, which carries her through. She hates the authorities, the police and the officials equally as intense as her husband or man, and looks upon the latter, no matter what he does in the way of crime, as a victim of the law. Then, again, there is no whining among us professionals. We philosophically take our imatuses in our "public" careers. We do not pour tales of woe into the ears of prayed Recall those oaths when passion considerably, the people understand one another and do not need an interour women when they visit us, nor do they into ours, nor do we regret our crimes. We've been unlucky in getting jugged in the stir, better luck next

Passing from this troublesome problem which each has to solve for himself when the time comes, the writer only desires to state as a wind up to the subject that he was the only life prisoner confined, his length of time years) whose wife didn't di

As a variety to the probably tedious narrative chapterized in the past three or four issues, we this week propose to give specimens of the "prison poetry" contributed to the Prison News. They are mainly the productions of life prisoners, or "accidental" criminals, whose one crime consigned them to the fearful fate of imprisonment during the': natural lives, unless pradoned by the governor, and if all the chief executives of Ohio were like the present incumbent, Hon. Geo. K. Nash; the Ohio penitentiary would that he was subsequently pardoned: the grave of the hundreds now at liberty through the clemency extended them by his predecessors. Even on July 4th last, Governor Nash refused to cherrye the time-honored custom of extending a pardon to one of the unfor innates, many of whom have served from ten to twenty-five years behind The man defying flames and fire, the walls.

The following verses were contrib uted by an educated Irishman, whose life imprisonment was happily and deservedly terminated by Governor Bushnell, and who, as a matter of fact, evidence and history ought not to have served a single hour of imprisonment:

As autumn leaves are falling fast, And woods are brown and sere, I, grieving, brood of days long past, And pine in sorrow here. The ivied ruins, the castles old,

The green hills where they stand-What scenes these fading eyes behold In thee, dear native land!

The changeful dome of Irish skies, The landscape's emerald sheer The sacred fanes, the hallowed ties, The glories that have been;

The sloping banks, the crystal streams, The peaceful, flower-deckes vale,

In exile's soft and pensive dreams My native land I nail! When first my infant eyes beheld

Thy mountains and thy sea, My ravished soul thou captive held And stin 'tis chained to thee. Though genial clime or gen'rous rac-

Extend the welcome hand On hearts that feel mus. nature trace The love of native land.

The hawthorn hedge, the rural calm Of embowered winding lanes-I feel again their perfumed balm

Though crime my manhood stains But crime, or sin, or fateful chance-Whate'er they name the "brand"-Grant thou, . Lord! this last fond

glance Rest on my native land.

Here is another from a nfe prisoner who was also subsequently pardoned:

Hail. Mother, full of grace thou art, And sainted member now O. heaven's hosts, no trials of earth Can cloud thy beaming brow. Hail Mother, blest with angels bright, feel thy loved embrace, Thy spirit in the silent night

To childhood's scenes thy shade be guiles

Oft kiss my furrowed face.

And led by slumber's wand I lightly tread the pleasing wiles Of boundless shadow-land. Hand clasped in thine, with boyish

pride— As in the long ago wander, mother, by thy side Where ocean sunsets glow!

Day dreams still cheer my fainting

heart, And hope illumines the gloom Lov'd babes and wife bright gleams

That light my darkened doom. tions of Prison Poetry by Life Prisoners But 'tis when thou, with holy meim, My prison pallet bless, That heart and soul, in peace serene, Dissolve in thy caress!

> My boyhood arms ertwine thy form-The tales and songs of yore Thy dear voice croons, in soulful charm. And I am thine once more!

But hark!—the prison's clanging bell-The God-blest vision ends Vale! Mother, vale!-sweet shade-

farewell! Till sable night descends!

And still another of the same class, the Civil War:

am pining, sweetheart, pining-And my heart is sad and low Hope has ceased delusive shining, And my spirit feels the blow. I have been a soldier, fearless-And in danger cool and brave My dungeon has been tearless,

am pining, sweetheart, pining-And my soul shrinks at its doom ot a cloud hath silver lining-Not a ray relieves the gloom. have faced the armed foeman, To give freedom to the slave

ve lived like antique Roman-

But I shudder at the grave!

But I shudder at the grave!

am pining, sweetheart, pining-For the shadows deepen more, And remorse is gorged from dining On the hopes I held of yore et no foeman know this feeling-Nor cold pity basely crave For I smile, my anguish veiling, But I shudder at the grave!

am pining, sweetheart, pining-Soon oblivion will be mine, Chough I'm barred from quietly lying In that restful tomb of thine, But a still fond Hope is left me-As my scatt'ring senses rave:

Tis that God will show me mercy and grant-a Freeman's Grave! Here is one whose deep religious eeling manifests itself in a truly

Christian spirit: The heart bowed down with silent their churches and decorate their chief

Despair its portals soon assails; Oh! let such moments be but brief, When spirit lost o'er man prevails. Think not of friend who, false, betrayed,

For vengeance and for foeman's life. preter.

Our judge, accusers, and our foe, f false to God and man they play, Not thou, but they shall suffer woe. All stay is short, the longest span Counts less than rain-drop in the

Arouse thee, then, despairing man,

Blooms in thy cell a fragrance rare,

Do thou but nurture it with prayer, And water it with tears of faith. To humble hearts its petals ope, Revealing bliss to streaming eye, mmortal blooms this rose of hope, God's flower life-Eternity!

And here is one from a well-known life prisoner whose alleged crime was the vindication of his family honor. The reader will be pleased to learn

And charging madly, forward runs, Nor foeman fierce, nor death e'n shuns-

Is brave.

Where all who venture must expire. A life to save from danger dire-Is brave

The man who plunges in the deep, When angry billows roar and leap, Restores the lost to those who weep-Is brave.

The man who for the friendless weak, Stands boldly up, like antique Greek,
And stakes his life where none dare that he will not assess more than the speak-

Is brave. '

The man who's lost the joys of life, His fortune, freedom, babes and wife, Whose heart sustains the soul's dread strife-

And certain is this truth as death, Such captive, who life's ills has met, Of all brave men is noblest yet-And brave.

Here is a self-sacrificing spirit who is evidently only too willing to try the other world, having but little pleasure or happiness in this sphere: Ho, Charon, ho! thy oar's dread sweep In measured strokes across the deep, In gloom of cell I hear! Who waits thy craft by silent Styx,

Where prince and peasant equal mix And equal stand in fear. Dost maiden from her lover take,

Or mother ere her babe can wake To kiss a last adieu! Dost take from earth some lowly

Or high born lord who sues in vain And trembling bows to you.

Here wealth, and rank and beauty Here statesmen grave, the rake and

Their several roles enjoy. Can none of all this shivering throng Their hour to cross thy stream prolong

Ho, boatman, ho! ahoy! Thy silent Styx fain would I cross;

No weeping kin bewail my loss-Ho, Charon! room, rray! Spare thou this Laid to lover dear— Her place I take—now, Charon, steer! Thou'st lost a prize to-day.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

With Whom the British Are Now I stretched out my hand imploringly al War.

MENELEK, KING OF ABYSSINIA will mock as your fear comes; when

esting Country and a Little Tribute to King Enemies-Slain by the Hing's Own Hand.

The mad Mullah, the fanatical leader of the hordes of native Mahammedans in Samoilland, is mobilizing an army of 80,000 men—who believe he is a demi-god or a prophet-for the purpose of driving out the British. Mad Mullah 's a fierce warrior, and it is a great relief to the British troops and adherents that Menelik, king of Abyssinia, has undertaken to subdue the fe-And still another of the same class, rocious old fellow. This is the same who in a clear case of self-defense was imprisoned for life, thus addresses his troops and generals, and forcel that wife. He served was distinction in natio. to conclude an humiliating

Abyssinia has an interesting history, and is an interesting country. The emperors call themselves princes of Tigre, and claim direct descen: from King Solomon ard the Queen of sheba.

The population of Abyssinia has been estimated at 3,000,000. The bulk of the people beiong to the Caucasian race, and 1., features do not differ from the Bedouin Arabs. Another pace is mingled with those more r sembling the negroes. There is also a third race called Gallas. In Gondar is the purest type of Abyssinians. Of the manners of the people there are conflicting stories. Bruce, the traveler, describes a feast of the higher class in which a bull or cow is brought to the door; the feet are tied; the skin is stripped off the hindquarters, and the flesh is cut from the buttocks in solid square pieces and eaten raw. That the Abyssinians eat raw flesh occasionally has been proved by Pearce, who once saw some brutal soldiers, on a marauding expedition, while driving a cow, cut steaks from the rump, which they devoured raw to satisfy their craving hunger. The animal was then driven to the camp and killed. But Europeans who have lived for years in Ti-gre have seen none of the indecencies and grossness which Bruce portrays. Intoxication, however, is common at

Abyssinians even now are not without their authors and painters, and they are generally fond of pictures, with which they line the inside of

apartments. Of the languages of Abyssinia one called the Etheopian resembles the Sanscrit of India in being a dead language in which the sacred books are written. The spoken languages are and died. Nor sweetheart's change, nor colder derived from it, and constitute four wife

The women of high rank wear a robe We pass, dear friend, but once this way;
Our indge, accusers, and our foe.

Our indge, accusers, and our foe. dyed red with henna; and their friz-zled hair is kept stiff with butter, which in the heat streams down on the bronzed necks and shoulders. dress of women of lower rank differs domen. but little, diminishing only in quality

and quantity.

The fair at Antala is held every who has tasted blood, this a Wednesday. All the inhabitants with- increase his fury. He foamed at his Pluck'd from thy guardian angel's in twenty n.iles then congregate at lips, and his eyes became bloodshot. Antala to dispose of their grain, vege- After stabbing and cutting about fiftables, bullocks and other products, ty with his own hand, he rested,

gives information on this point:

The thief catcher is much feared, and belongs to the servants of the State. When the theft has been committed, The man who storms the belching guns official, upon which he sends his servant a certain dose of black meal compounded with milk, on which he makes | ing him with his own hands. him smoke tobacco. The servant is thrown into a state of frenzy, in which state he goes from house to house, crawling on his hands and feet like one out of his mind. After he has smelt about a number of houses-his master all the time holding him by a cord fastened around the body-he goes at last into a house, lays on its owner's bed and sleeps for a time. ...s master then arouses him with blows, and he awakes and arrests the owner of the house, who is forthwith dragged before the priests, and they make the victim of the robbery swear real value of the article stolen. The person into whose house the entry is made is regarded as the thief, and is forced to pay, whether he is innocent or guilty. No wonder that the population trembles when the thief catcher is seen in the streets, and that everybody tries to be on good terms with him, as there is no saying when he will make his appearance in the

house.' King Menelik is an enlightened ruler and fosters many modern customs and President Lincoln." institutions. His army is equipped with modern guns, and is well drilled and disciplines. He has hospitals, medical schools, educational institutions, and many latter-day inventions. He is, withal, a shrewd, energetic and ing western horizon. strong ruler. But his predecessor, King Theodorus, while equally able and powerful, was a different sort of man. It will be remembered that Lord less reference to Mary: "Mary had two Napier led an army against Theodorus little calves, which were so dreadful at Magdala, and overthrew him after desperate fighting. The present Lord Lord Napier arrived at Magdala he found at the foot of the c.iff on which plainly seen wherever Mary goes." Magdala stood, the mangled remains of hundreds of victims of are last mas-

sacre of Theodorus. The native captives were formed in line before the quarters of the impris-oned Europeans. King Theodorus arrayed himself in his state robes and donned his imperial crown, and rode o where the captives stood in two parallel lines, surrounded by his soldiers. After dismounting, the King walked backward, up and down the line, eyeing the victims sternly, and a sort of barbaric majesty provided every mo-

ably so as to have a clearer view of his victims, he hissed through his closed teeth to the native victims, saying:

"Behold! I am going to slay you, because I called you, and you refused to you, and you regarded me not; you set at naught all my counsel, and would none of my reproof. Now I will laugh at your calamity; ha! ha! I your fear comes as destruction, and destruction come as a whirlwind; when Then, turning to his soldiers, he or

Has Undertaken to Aid the British-An Inter distress and anguish come upon you." dered them to separate those whom he Theodorus, the Predecessor of the Present named, and after ninety men, women Ruler-Horrible Massaere of His Domestic and boys had been separated from the rest, cocking his pistol, he shouted

> "Now, who shall I first destroy?" No answer. "What!" said he sarcastically, "are there none of these princes and warriors of Etheopia desirous of dying by the hand of Theodorus? Have you all turned women when the hour of

death is nigh?" "Hold!" shouted Ras Ingerta, a Galla chief, "I and my followers are in your power now; but, Kassai, why did you lie to me? Why, oh, why, was I such an ass as to listen to your subtle words Why did I come and put my head in the lion's jaw? Oh, for one minute neck to neck with you, Kassai! would show you how a Galla warrio meets his enemy. Give me a spear and a horse, and meet me fairly and equaly here only for two minutes. I would kill you and curse you. You dare not. Prisoner though I am, with chains on

my limbs, I would fight you if you dared to meet me. "No," returned Theodorus, with increasing warmth in his countenance 'you tried to betray me to my enemies spy and traitor, you shall be food for the jackals to-night. On the heads of all those who have compassed me about the mischief of their own lips shall curse them. Let them be cast into the fire, into the deep pit, that they rise not again. Strip these fellows,' said, "that they may behold each other's shame, and give me their ex-

Their rags were town from them and each man, woman, and boy stood before him naked. The number of those he had ordered for execution was 308-275 men, 50 women, and 28 boys. He then said: "Spear the Galla dog, Ingerta. Spear

And Ras Ourary Eurie, ever read to obey Theodorus, leveled a spear and flung it at Ingerta's breast.

'Thou hast done well," said the King, as he saw the weapon had gone deep into his bosom; but Ras Ingerta plucked it out of the wound, and flung t contemptuously at Theodorus' feet Another one!" shouted Theodorus spear him again, "and several chiefs mmediately sank their weapons in his body.

The wounded chief stood up bravely and drew them out one after another the blood spurting from his wounds in crimson streams, when he fell down

Impatient at the slow progress of the execution, the King shot one dead with his own hand, and, throwing his revolver away, he drew his big sword and leaped toward the trembling prisoners. Eyeing them a moment, he

"Ah, your hour has come. I am ge ing to drink your blood;" and, raising CHOICE WINES, LIQUORS, CIGARS his sword, he cut off his head at one

Theodorus' face and clothes were covered with blood, and, like a tiger returning with bricks of salt, which are ordered that his chiefs should try their the current coin of one realm. Many of them had personal In Abyssinia they have a delightful hatred against their captives, and they mode of finding out a thief. A traveler proceeded with astonishing alacrity ives information on this point:

"It is very noticeable the mode with the awful task of massacre.

Whenever he witnessed dexterous adopted for the detection of thieves. blows, Theodorus applauded, but when he saw cuts given that but maimed the poor wretches, the King would spring up and demonstrate what an easy matter it was to send a head clean off the shoulders, by choosing a strong, sturdy prisoner, and decapitat

> Despite the semewhat gloomy tone Summer Garden with Orchestrian Music of the anecdote told by Stuart Robson one night between the acts of "Oliver Goldsmith," last season, it demonstrated the calm assurance of the ge-

nus deadhead. "Once while Booth, Barret and I were talking," said Robson, "the conversa tion turned on 'deadheads.' I had just

finished. "Booth fixed his sombre eyes on the sunset and began: "It was during the first visit that I made to the South after the close of the Civil War. We were playing in a little town in Ala In my mail one morning found a letter which ran something

like this: "'Dear Sir: My wife and self have always been great admirers of you We want to see you play very much but can not afford to buy tickets. Will you please send us a couple of seats I am sure you will not refuse this re quest when I tell you that I am the United States soldier who shot and killed your brother, who assassinated

"I investigated, and found that the man's statement was correct." "'What did you do, Edwin?"
"'I sent him the tickets,' answered

the actor, his eyes fixed on the glow riere is the latest and most shame

less reference to Mary: "Mary had two lean, and everywhere that Mary went, they hardly could be seen. Then Mary Roberts was in this expedition. When stole some cotton bats and stuck them in her hose, and now the calves are

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of barbaric majesty provided every motion. Seemingly satisfied with his inspection, he strode quickly and nervously to the center of the line, and impatiently throwing his silken toga over his left shoulder and pushing his crown from Lis brow backward, probable and provided the strong rown from his brow backward, prob Ticket Agent.

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